



THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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Geez what a trip, first ya had the nattering nabobs of negativism, to use my favorite phrase from Spiro "the tax accountant" Agnew, screeching about leaking the name of a CIA officer who it turns out, is a blond bombshell married to an ex-surfer dude damn near old enough to be her father, by the name of Wilson, from the left coast, with an affinity for Africa. Turns out she really wasn't a covert operative in Gabon but a drop dead gorgeous white chick with an affinity for African culture though she was and is in the employ of Uncle Sugar's clueless as an analyst semi-expert about the dark continent. It should also be mentioned that ex-ambassador Wilson is a hell of a guy, he told Saddam back in 90-91 that if he wanted to snatch Americans as hostages in the prelude to Gulf War I at the Baghdad Embassy to come on over. He did this with a homemade noose around his neck on the steps of the Embassy. You know who declined the offer.

Then poor Arnold the Barbarians past revisits him when the L.A. Times slathers a salacious piece on their front page on his well known affinity for certain parts of the female anatomy. As Jim Carville once uttered or mumbled, "Ya drag a twenty dollar bill through a trailer park and ya never know what'll turn up". I guess the same goes for draggin' a publicity crew posing as jurnos through Hollywood. Ya get lots of interesting copy. Ya gotta wonder why the L.A. Times is still sittin' on a piece on how now Ex-Guv Davis treats his secretaries and some of his female staff. Lord I love this country.

Now we got the Breck girl, ol' Kay Bailey Hutchinson promoting a private property rights issue for the good ol' King Ranch Inc. over dredge disposal along the ditch. I ain't seen this variety of prime meat on a table since Russ Bentley sold the Grill Room and headed north. This was around the time I met Walt Kittleberger the conservationist. The first time I met Walt he tried to convince me I needed another hole in my head as in I needed to buy a boat, an El Pescador replete with a T-top and outriggers. Over libations too numerous to count at the Windjammer in Mansfield, Captain Mark Wilks convinced me of the error of my ways. Thanks Mark wherever you may be these days, I still don't own that four-letter word nor do I have an extra hole in my head but I digress.

Us dock rats were sippin' brew many many moons ago down at Jim's Pier when Walt the

conservationist sauntered up with a hand full of flyers on his new baby, the Lower Laguna Madre Foundation, pitchin' a meetin' at Port Misrabell High that evening. Poor Walt wasn't well received. As I recall about the nicest remark he received was the suggestion the he drag his carpet baggin' ass back to Mansfield and tell the heirs of the King Roach loot to leave the Sandspit alone. Apparently some of these folks had heard of the LLMF and of its ultimate mission which was to shut down the Gulf Inter Coastal Water Way south of the land cut.

Fast forward to the late nineties. A sodbuster from the left coast by the name of Jack Hunt (no relation to the legendary Texas oil clan) has taken over King Roach Inc. and put the only workin' member of the King clan, Teo Kleberg, prematurely out to pasture at the behest of his dividend starved semi-siblings. Got a call from the publisher of Saltwater Texas. Unfortunately she's gone and paid a hefty attendance fee for a symposium hosted by the LLMF at the Fort Brown Motel in Brownsville and wants me to cover the shindig. Had I known the Resaca Club was closed for renovations I never would have accepted the gig. Then county commissioner Jim Matz opens the meeting with the one liner from hell; "Remember that giant oak tree in the meadow was once just a nut that held its ground". Jim was referring to Walt and the LLMF and their backers, the dividend starved heirs of King Roach Inc. and dredge disposal on their property. Wellll, it would appear that the nut has held its ground and grown into a giant oak tree with the Breck girl on the bandwagon. It still ain't a done deal and King Roach Inc. ain't gonna shut down the ditch as long as they need it to service their mama cows, better known as oil and gas wells. But this could be a way to get the Corps of Engineers to do something constructive with the crap, like building new islands in the bay to provide structure for them finned critters we love to catch.

Speakin' of nattering nabobs, two conservation groups, one from Arizona and one from California have filed notice that they plan to sue NOAA and NMFS under the Endangered Species Act to protect the white marlin in the next 60 days. More on this as it develops. Captain Matt Murphy may have been right when he remarked that these folks want to turn our gulf into a pettin' zoo.

We welcome your fishin' photos. Drop them by 2600 Padre Boulevard on the Island, or mail them to I.B. Hooked, c/o Coastal Current Weekly, P.O.Box 2429, South Padre Island, Texas 78597. Be sure to include the name of the angler, weight and type of fish, where caught, and name of boat if applicable. Photos with SASE will be returned.